

The Avalanche

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN,

O. PALMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Cousin Daisy's Advice

By HONORE SISSON

Aloysia had always believed that Arles was the most important place in the world, because it was the only place she had ever known anything about. She had been born there, and had lived there every one of her twenty-six years of her uneventful life.

Her mother felt just as she did. Her mother was a widow—timid retiring little soul, who constantly hid herself in her home. She had made a few friends and acquaintances, with whom she was not very intimate, but they sufficed her. She went to church regularly, and sat very humbly in an unobserved corner. And Aloysia sat with her.

The girl reflected her mother's attitude toward the world in general. She trembled if she so much as touched elbows with Arles' great ones. Sometimes as she sat downcast, apparently attentive to the preacher's every word, she was in reality observing the people about her. There was Mrs. Forbes in her stylish, rustling black, who came late and walked up the aisle as if she owned the whole church edifice; and there was Miss Corbin, very haughty and very correctly gowned, who had gone to school with Aloysia, and had since forgotten her very existence; there was old Mrs. Blackney and Anna Morrissey and Miss Bush, the popular milliner, who advertised her wares by wearing a new hat every Sunday—all these were Arles best persons, to be held with awe by such

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"Now you know," she said, "you can't go out until you have some clothes. Those you have might do for Arles, but you must remember you are in New York now."

Aloysia had some money and she gave it to Daisy to spend for her.

"No black on you, my dear," said that lady. "Why you've been wearing mourning all your life, it is time you had a change. I wear black because I'm stout and highly-colored and it's becoming to me, and you've worn it because I sent it to you and you had to. Black is the worst thing you could put on. What you want is red, rich, dark red, and plenty of it."

So Cousin Daisy bought her a long red coat with a big fur collar, and a big red hat and a veil, and a red dress. Lastly came shoes and gloves that were small enough, but these had to come out of Cousin Daisy's money, for Aloysia's was quite gone.

"And to think you've been wearing my shoes with feet like that," Daisy said, laughing. She dressed Aloysia up very much as she would have dressed a doll and admired the effect, she had produced. "And now," she concluded, "you want to do your hair over a rat, and use powder on your nose, and a little—a very little—rouge on your cheeks to relieve their pallor. 'Rouge isn't wicked,' she added firmly, as Aloysia opened wide her eyes. 'Neither is powder or anything else that helps nature out a little with a woman's looks.'

But in spite of all Cousin Daisy's kindness and all the bewildering charm of her new clothes, Aloysia became, after a time, to get very homesick. She endured the feeling as long as she could in silence and then she spoke.

"I want to go home," she said. Cousin Daisy had become a little tired of Aloysia as a diversion. Warm weather was coming on and the flat was small. Besides she considered that she had done her whole duty by them. But their little claim upon her was their one pride and pretension.

Aloysia was conscious that she dressed badly and the people looked down on her for doing so. She and her mother owned their tiny house and had a bit of money in the bank. But they were never asked out or had any company. They read continually books from the public library, and there was an old piano upon which Aloysia had learned to play. She sang a little too, old fashioned songs, which were suited to her light untrained voice. But what she and her mother really did was to make lace and their dolls that they might live. They did exquisite work at absurdly low prices.

If Aloysia had but known, her life was sunless enough. As it was, she made the best of it, and turned to her music and her books for her diversion. Sometimes as she played or read, vague, sweet dreams awoke her. For she had not come to twenty-six years without finding that she had a heart and a hero.

Her hero was Dick Churchill. Big, blonde, good hearted, good-humored Dick who liked everybody and whom everybody liked, but who was as far beyond her reach as the farthest star. She always saw him at church and occasionally during the week, but he never saw her. There were too many pretty, well dressed girls within close range of his vision. Yet somehow he did not tarry. It was said that he was waiting to get money enough to build a house before taking a wife.

The girls smiled at him in vain and Dick smiled back, aware of their wiles and knowing very well that whenever he got ready he could take his pick of the lot. Aloysia knew that too, but so long as he was unattached it was sufficient delight for her to admire the polish of his head and the clear brown of his cheek and the fine line of his chin as he sat sideways to her in church.

But Dick never knew. Nor would he care if he had. After all she was just a pale little young thing of a girl who wore abominable black hats that might have done for old Mrs. Jessup, who was 70 years old and dependent for the charity of the church. Thus Aloysia lived, and it seemed likely she was to live thus for the rest of her remaining years, when suddenly her mother was stricken with a

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, SEPT. 22, 1910.

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Publisher and Proprietor

NUMBER 40

STATE LAND SALE.

MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following described Primary School Land, situated in the County of CRAWFORD, having been withdrawn from sale by direction of the Public Domain Commission, created by Act 280 of the Public Acts of 1909, for purpose of re-appraisal, will be examined and re-appraised, and will be restored to the State for sale at public auction to be held at the Court House in the Village of GRAYLING, on Tuesday, the 11th day of October, A. D. 1910, at which time they will be sold, subject to the purchase in manner prescribed by law.

Deeds issued upon the sale of these lands will contain reservations as follows:

"Saving and excepting out of this conveyance and always reserving unto the State of Michigan all mineral, coal, oil and gas, lying and being on, within or under the said lands hereby conveyed, with full and free liberty and power to the said State of Michigan, its duly authorized officers, representatives and assigns, and its or their lessees, agents and workmen, and all other persons by it or their authority or permission, whether at any time and from time to time to give, at any time and from time to time to alien upon said lands and take all usual, necessary or convenient means for exploring, mining, working, piping, getting, laying up, storing, dressing, making merchantable and taking away the said mineral, coal, oil and gas, pursuant to the provisions of Section 8 of Act 280 of the Public Acts of 1909, and each purchaser will be required to sign an application containing an agreement to accept such deed and abide faithfully by the said conditions.

HUNTLEY RUSSELL, Commissioner.

CRAWFORD COUNTY Primary School Land.

Description. See Town Range.

S. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4—16 26N 1W

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Crawford County Officers.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Sheriff CHAS. V. ADDISON

Clark J. CALVIN COOPER

Register D. W. BRINK

Treasurer ALICE B. PALMER

Attalaor J. F. PALMER

Judge of Probate W. C. PALMER

Circuit Court Commissioner E. P. RICHARDSON

Surveyor E. P. RICHARDSON

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Maple Forest HENRY HANSON

Grayling J. P. HANSON

Predictr C. CRANE

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Every Month the 18, 19 and 20th.

Office over "Lewis'" Drug Store,

All Operations Paintless.

All Work Guaranteed.

Saginaw office 308 Avery Building.

Dr. F. E. Bush

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Saginaw, - - Michigan

S. N. Insley, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Lewis & Co.'s Drug Store,

Interest paid on certificates of deposit. Collections promptly attended to. All accommodations extended that are consistent with safe and conservative banking.

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President JOHN F. HUM

Clerk S. S. PHILIPS JR.

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Treasurer H. HANSON

Trustees R. W. BRINK, A. TAYLOR, C. T. JEROME, S. N. INNS, CHAS. MC. CULLOUGH, W. JORGENSEN.

Society Meetings.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor Rev. James Ivey. Preaching 10:30 a.m. Sabbath school 12:45 p.m.

Evening 1:30 p.m. 6:00 p.m. Wednesday evening.

Thursday 7:30 p.m. All cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. R. Cunningham, Pastor. Services every

Wednesday evening at 7 p.m. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Y.P.S.C., at 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Humphrey Place, Parson.

Methodist Protestant Church.

Rev. R. Cunningham, Pastor. Services every

Wednesday evening at 7 p.m. Sabbath school immediately after morning service. Y.P.S.C., at 6:30 p.m.

NEW KING IN EUROPE

By W. GODDARD HUNTINGTON

MONTEGRO — whose reigning prince, Nicholas I, by way of celebrating the jubilee of his accession has proclaimed himself king and his principality a kingdom—is one of the storm centers of the near east. Its influence on Balkan politics is not to be measured by its size, for this land of the Black Mountains, as the Venetians named it long ago, is actually the smallest monarchy in all Europe.

When a few weeks ago, Nicholas assumed the title of king, his wife

became Queen Milena. Nicholas also declared

that Montenegro shall be known henceforth as

Zeta, that being the ancient name of the country.

The territory subject to the rule of King Nicholas is just one-fourteenth of the area of Roumania, a tenth of Bulgaria, a seventh of Greece, and a fifth of Serbia. Yet Greece has long been an independent state; Roumania a monarchy since 1881; Serbia a kingdom since 1882, while Bulgaria exchanged the rank of a suzerain principality for that of an independent kingdom only two years ago. Ever since that dramatically precipitate action on the part of Bulgaria and the assassination by Austria of the neighboring provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Montenegrin prince and people have been ambitious to assert their sovereignty.

And if there be any satisfaction in this elevation of their national status the Montenegrins are assuredly as entitled to it as their neighbors of Serbia and Bulgaria, for Montenegro can boast a record unrivaled by any other state in the whole Balkan peninsula. Alone of all the Balkan peoples these hardy mountaineers have never known the harsh hand of a conqueror. Secure in their inaccessible fastnesses, almost impregnable in their inaccessibility, the Montenegrins have retained their national life and political independence through centuries of strife and Slavonic dismemberment. Dynasties have fallen and kingdoms crumbled on either hand, but this one tiny state has preserved its freedom from alien control. Even when the Turkish hordes threatened to overrun Europe and in their triumphant



MONTENEGRIN SOLDIERS

MONTENEGRINS AT CETINJE

STREET SCENE

mare swept away the medieval Serbian empire, this warring mountain race kept its bases by ceaseless watching night and day, and subduing all to Turkish authority was of a moment's duration. And when their ancient capital was threatened they abandoned it as ruthlessly as those other Slavs of the northland burned and abandoned Moscow in the face of the advancing foe, and taking themselves high up into the mountains founded a secure seat of government within the rocky walls of Cetinje.

A wonderful people these Montenegrins, with a wonderful history. If ever a Serbian empire be re-established it will be the Balkan states that come united in a powerful confederation that would wholly change the political complexion of the Near East and its tributaries. It will be largely due to the patriotic and pluck of this little patriarchal state. To this day the men wear an edging of black in their scarlet caps, this in memory of at least three centuries and with all the passion of a primitive people they hold to that national ideal which would accomplish the union of all the Serb states.

In the sixteenth century the ruler of the Montenegrins, being a plious prince, who much loved the church, induced executive authority to the metropolitan bishop, who henceforth bore the title of "voda," or prince bishop. For three and a half centuries spiritual and temporal power lay in one man's hands, the voda being a little Balkan pope. In 1896 the Petrovo Njegos family entered into possession of this plenary power, and this dynasty rules in Montenegro still.

In 1851 Danilo I renounced the title of voda in favor of that of hospodar, at the same time severing the temporal authority from the spiritual oversight of the people. In 1853 Danilo II, ordered the enrollment in arms of all Montenegrin males capable of service. The tribal system still obtained, chieftains of clans being directly responsible to their prince. On August 13, 1860, the present ruler acceded to power, and during the fifty years of a notable reign Prince Nicholas has done much to civilize and modernize this primitive mountain land while at the same time he has been careful to keep national habits in all their simplicity and to foster a lofty nationalism of spirit and sentiment among his people.

Of all the states in Europe Montenegro is perhaps the least known to, the least visited by, the average traveled man, while to the untraveled the very name is a blank. The proclamation of a new king in Europe is a reminder, however, of the value which the Montenegrins set upon their own importance, an importance which is by no means to be underestimated when Balkan questions arise to disturb the currents of high

diplomacy. Packed within an area which is at most a hundred miles long and eighty miles wide is a population of about a quarter of a million people, the sturdiest, bravest and most warlike people anywhere to be found. The Montenegrins are a fighting race, among whom personal bravery is accounted the highest virtue in man. By a national decree the men all carry loaded pistols at their belts, and those they are prone to use on small provocation. They have no regard for the value of human life and family animosities are pursued through generations after the fashion of the Corsican vendetta. Nicholas I has for years steadfastly disengaged these blood feuds, which are a bane of Montenegrin life; but racial instincts die hard, and these men of the Black Mountains are not easily soothed and civilization's ways.

In the early years of Nicholas' reign Montenegro suffered much by pestilence and famine as well as by successive conflicts with Turkey, which has ever been envious of the Montenegrins' stubborn independence. In the struggles of the seventies Prince Nicholas and his people were successful to the extent of recovering valuable seaboard territory, in the possession of which the principality was confirmed by the eighth article of the Berlin treaty. In the same famous agreement of the powers the independence of Montenegro, really-existent for centuries, was at last formally recognized even by Turkey. With so much concern to their heroism and patriotism the Montenegrins were free to develop their national resources, which are wholly agricultural. Among the humanizing influences essential to the progress of his people Prince Nicholas promptly recognized the value of education and almost before the ink was dry on treaty signatures an extensive scheme of elementary education was organized throughout the principality. There are now some 200 primary schools maintained by the state and attendance is compulsory on all children.

Whatever Nicholas I has done and may do, however, by way of fostering the arts of peace and of advancing the material prosperity of his people available little when the Montenegrin genius is essentially military. In all Eastern Europe there is no finer soldier than the hardy man of the mountains. The Montenegrin ruler knows his strength in this respect, and he has fashioned at least a fifth of the population into a well-disciplined and well-equipped little army comprising 58 battalions of infantry and 12 batteries of artillery, but no cavalry.

Of even greater account than their martial ardor is the intense nationalism of the Montenegrins, a sentiment which their ruler stimulates

by royal decree as well as by personal example. It is, for instance, incumbent on all to wear the national costume; prosaic European clothing is taboo. Picturesque as it is, the costume emphasizes the extravagant theatricality of the Montenegrin pose. But if garments enhance an ideal Prince Nicholas is shrewd indeed in his oration. Much that may seem extravagant and absurdly archaic to western eyes has a hidden meaning in the Balkans. Austrian, Russian and German policy alike has aimed at such severance of Serb associations as shall effectually press Serb aspirations to a reunited empire.

On the other hand it has been the settled policy of Nicholas I to keep the flame of Serb patriotism alight. Hence it is that the fervent nationalism of this Montenegrin people finds expression in the very jackets of the men and the skirts of the women, in the minstrelsy of the single-stringed diddles and the ever-present readiness for war.

Montenegro has a constitution first granted in 1868. The skipstechina or national assembly is elected by universal suffrage for a term of four years. A ministry of six portfolios represents executive authority, but to all intents and purposes Nicholas I is an absolute autocrat. The father of his people, he gives public audience to all and sundry and administers justice beneath a famous plane tree hard by the palace gates at Cetinje. Such is the patriarchal ruler of a patriarchal state who in the pursuit of a national ambition is exchanging the primitive simplicity of ancient Zemunia—Montenegro once was styled—for the trappings and majesty of a miniature monarchy.

Dorset can hold her own tolerably well with villages named Ryne latrines and Toller-Pororum; rivers called Wriggle river and Devil's brook; commons christened Giddy green and God's Blessing green; and heights called Hungrydown, Mount Ararat, Grammars hill, and Dame-ing hill. A prospective tenant might well hesitate before signing the lease of Wooden Cabbage farm, Labor in Van farm, Poor Lot farm and Charity bottom, even though he should half from Kent, which owns two Starcross farms within a ride of each other.—London Chronicle.

could tell him which way led to Stanardville. Davis made no reply. "Will you please tell me?" the young man repeated, "which road I take to get to Stanardville?" "You can," said Davis stolidly, "take any old road you please."—Popular Magazine.

Woman's Active Life
If any one had written a seven ages of woman speech, surely most of the parts would have been played by Margaret Charles Aldrich, who has

been a prominent figure in municipal betterment movements and national causes for a good many years. Mrs. Aldrich has turned poet, and is to issue shortly a volume of poems called "Sonnets for Choice." There are exactly 50 of these verse forms in the promised work and their subjects range from the varying aspects of nature in this part of the world at the different seasons to sonnets addressed to such men as Shelley, Agassiz and Pasteur, while the emotions also come within their scope.

FOR EARLY FALL



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW LIVER PILLS

"I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion, or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-paw Liver Pill. I guarantee to make your liver and stomach into a beautiful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will give back your money."—Munyon's Paw-paw Liver Pill Co., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

IN THE SAME BOAT.



Jones—After preparing a long speech for the dinner the other night, I couldn't remember a word of it.

Jaggsby—I couldn't remember any of mine the morning after.

FOR THE SKIN AND SCALP

Because of its delicate, emollient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura Soap is unrivaled for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for dispelling itching irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disfiguring facial eruptions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment realize every expectation. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass. Send to them for the latest Cuticura Book, an authority on the best care of the skin, scalp, hair and hands. It is mailed free on request.

She Took No Chances.

A happily-wedded matron is the principal of an odd incident which one of her "dear" friends relates.

Before the matron's engagement to her present husband was announced, she met her "dear" friend on the street. The new matron was hurrying toward one of the large jewelry stores of the city.

"John gave me an engagement ring," she explained, without a shadow of embarrassment, "and I am going down to see how much it cost. You see, I got the jeweler's name on the box," and she hurried on.

The same friend said that another bit of information the matron got was the commercial standing of the prospective husband, which she secured by paying for a special report from a commercial agency.

Poised.

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"O, I feel blue," she replied. "No body loves me and my hands are cold."

You should not say, was his word of consolation, "For God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."—Success Magazine.

Tribute to Hold-Up Artist.

"The train doesn't stop at Crimson Gulch any more."

"No," replied Three-Finger Sam.

"I'm afraid the town doesn't get much respect from the railroad."

"Respect? Why that railroad is clean terrified. Even since the news got around that Stage Coach Charley had settled here that train jest gives one shriek and jumps out of sight."

Could Wait.

"Why didn't you stay to ascertain how badly the man was injured?" demanded the judge.

"Why," explained the chauffeur, "I knew I could find out from the daily papers."

Wood in a High Grade Violin.

In a high-grade violin there are 65 pieces of wood of three or more kinds.

Let Us Cook Your Breakfast!

Serve

Post Toasties

with cream or milk

and notice the pleasure the family finds in the appetizing crispness and flavor of this delightful food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Value of Politeness

Representative Hay of Virginia tells a story showing that politeness always pays in the country. The hero of the tale is Ben Davis, the man who defeated President Madison for election to the Virginia House of Delegates after Madison had left the White House.

Old Davis, who seldom wore a coat, was sitting on a rail fence on the roadside. In Greene county one morning when a young man dressed in

dapper fashion and evidently from the city, passed by.

"Good morning," said Davis, with the proverbial Virginia politeness.

To this the stranger paid no attention. In a few minutes, however, he came to a fork in the roads and was evidently in doubt which way he should go. He retraced his steps to where Davis still sat on the fence and asked him with great politeness if he

could tell him which way led to Stanardville. Davis made no reply. "Will you please tell me?" the young man repeated, "which road I take to get to Stanardville?" "You can," said Davis stolidly, "take any old road you please."—Popular Magazine.

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consideration. If you reverse the order you will be thought very stupid, will be avoided as an uninteresting person and had much better confine your work to hours especially set apart for it.

Milady's Lockets.

The newest lockets are very large. They are worn on a slender gold or platinum chain.

The locket itself is studded with brilliants or colored stones.

These are of course only for "dress-up" occasions.

For street or day wear the jeweled locket seems out of place.

For this purpose there are many in silver and steel which are both appropriate and chic.

With two or three imitation dark stones the effect is elegant without being overdone.

Are Long Skirts to Come?

Not yet has the long skirt come to be accepted for other than dress wear, yet the makers of fashion recommend it for more constant use, and the American women are adopting it slowly.

Crawford Avalanche.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

A well born man is always a mother's boy, and all great men have not been afraid to be called "mother's boy."

There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then looks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor. It is speech that keeps a story alive and lends vigor to it.

The poor man imagines that \$100,000 would make him a man without annoyance for the balance of his life, and the man with three or four millions suicides because of the loss of one million. Your misery is mostly in your mind. Remember that the picture appears very much according to the glass through which you see it, and yet the lines of the picture are fixed and the modifying power of the glass are limited as compared to your control over your emotions. Be circumstances as you may, there will be enough ragged edges in your life to keep you in a perpetual fret and fume if you so will it. Within limited bounds it is not what you have, or lack, it is not what you are, or would like to be, that makes you cheerful and a source of happiness to those who must be with you. It is the way you take things; a power within yourself, almost independent of all external affairs and surroundings. There is no position and no station in life in which many men and women would not be thoroughly miserable.

The foundation of society rests on its home. The success of the home rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin early to train their character. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise sacredly and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best qualities in everyone they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, that sacrifice made for other's pleasures is a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.

The mother who brings her children up in truthfulness and sobriety to useful spheres, and who looks well to the ways of her household when the passing of time has left the frost of winter in her hair, and the beauty of youth is fled, then is she worthy of all honor. To our mind, no nobler epitaph to a woman's memory could be written, than that she has been a good wife and mother.

"The sanctity of the marriage relation must not be broken by divorce," says every sentimentalist, no matter though the ever-present specter of bruises, wounds, perhaps of a fearful depth, may hang over the head of the victim, she should walk unwaveringly by the side of the despicable brute whose brawny hand, nerv'd by rum or reasonless passion, may at any time strike down her frail form. The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, deserves no companion but eternal punishment from her very presence.

Temps.

Temps are queer things anyway. We snap, and growl, and scold, and fume, and fret for no cause under the sun that we know of and when trouble really comes we smile and take it as unconcernedly as though it was the most common place affair. We will sulk for a week over a slight that was all in our imagination and grow all the madder because we know that the whole matter is an invention of our own. The fact is, when we feel good, a cyclone can't spoil our equanimity, but if we chance to be out of sorts and have the blues, we are going to get mad and stay mad and if we don't find any provocation we will make one. The man who gets the blues—and who is there that doesn't get them?—is a most unfortunate creature. Ten minutes after the attack begins he has concluded that he is the most abused man on the face of the earth. Every person in the town is working against him—he knows it and it is no use to deny the fact. If the unfortunate man is married, he wrecks his flag upon his wife, the baby and the cow.

To complete the harmony of the surroundings the entire front portion of the second floor has been rearranged. The old office and a number of guest rooms were torn out and replaced with an expansive parlor beautifully done in deep red. In the recess formerly occupied by the writing room a commodious office has been built. So complete are the changes that virtually a new interior has been created, which is a decided acquisition.

Cheerfulness! How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in old age! There are a few noble natures whose very presence carries sunshine with them, wherever they go; a sunshine means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all. How such a face enlivens every other face it meets, and carries into every company vivacity and joy and gladness! But the scowl and frown, begotten in a selfish heart, and manifesting itself in daily, almost hourly fretfulness complaining, fault finding, angry criticisms, spiteful comments, on the motives and actions of others, how they thin the cheek, shrivel the face, sour and sadden the countenance! No joy in the heart, nobility in the soul, no generosity in the nature; the whole character as cold as an iceberg, as hard as Alpine rock, as arid as the waste of Sahara! Reader, which of these countenances are you cultivating?

Don't Break Down.

Severe strains on the vital organs, like strains on machinery, cause breakdowns. You can't overtax stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or nerves without serious danger to yourself. If you are weak or overdone, or under strain of any kind, take Electric Bitters the matchless tonic medicine. Mrs. J. E. Vardell, of Kirkland, Ill., writes:

"I did not break down, while enduring a most severe strain, for three months, due wholly to Electric Bitters." Use them and enjoy health and strength. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. 80c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

THE HOTEL GRISWOLD, DETROIT.

With the expenditure of \$125,000 for interior improvements, which includes a magnificent new cafe and bar, the Hotel Griswold has entered upon a new career under the control of a stock company headed by Fred Postal. It is 15 years ago that Mr. Postal leased the property from the Goodman estate and began a series of improvements which started with the erection of a big addition to the building.

Some months ago, in response to the demands of the traveling public, the European plan was adopted, and Mr. Postal decided to form a stock company in order that the burden of management would not devolve solely upon himself. He invited Mr. A. Shaw to become one of the company and manager of the hotel, and Mr. Shaw accepted, many of the changes concurring to his ideas. Mr. Shaw had been in Detroit for two years, during which time he successfully managed

the Hotel Fuller, having come from the Stratford, in Chicago.

The officers and directors in the hotel company are as follows: President, Fred Postal; vice president, John J. Darlant; secretary, Fred Goodman; treasurer, Fred Wood; manager, Mr. Shaw. The connection of Mr. Goodman as secretary of the new company recalls that for many years his father was the proprietor of the old Goodman house, which was the predecessor of the present hotel.

BEAUTY OUT OF CHAOS.

In this year of experience as a boniface, Mr. Postal has caught the necessities of details of comfort, which he felt should be installed. After weeks

of consultation with Mr. Shaw an elaborate plan of improvements was laid before Architects Van Leyen & Schilling. They followed the months of work, and at last the Hotel Griswold emerges from the chaos, new, novel and complete in its appointments and containing many features which are entirely original.

Formerly the dining room was on the second floor, a tradition of American plan hotels, and though it had been re-built and re-decorated, the decision was reached that it would make an ideal place for conventions and banquets, the fact having impressed itself that an up-to-date cafe should be on the ground floor in order to make it easy of access and secure prompt service.

To bring this about it was necessary to rearrange the entire ground floor and give up the billiard room to provide space for the new cafe. To enlarge the lobby the old cafe on Grand River avenue was torn out and apportioned between the two, permitting a re-arrangement which greatly enhances the appearance of the rotunda.

There are two things which do not appear on the surface and to which the traveling public are wedded. One is a bath room and another is plenty of ice water. To supply these features one hundred bath rooms have been installed and to obviate the necessity of a guest summoning a bell boy every time he desires a drink, all the rooms are in process of being equipped with running ice water. To accomplish this it was necessary to install a refrigerating system for all branches of the hotel, which gives an absolute degree of cold for the proper preservation of all foods and liquors.

To complete the harmony of the surroundings the entire front portion of the second floor has been rearranged. The old office and a number of guest rooms were torn out and replaced with an expansive parlor beautifully done in deep red. In the recess formerly occupied by the writing room a commodious office has been built. So complete are the changes that virtually a new interior has been created, which is a decided acquisition.

THE NEW CAFE.

It is of course with the new cafe that the general public is genuinely interested and those who have had a hand in fashioning it may well be

\$73.80

choice of Routes

\$88.80

choice of Routes

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND RETURN

LOS ANGELES, CAL. AND RETURN

SAN DIEGO, CAL. AND RETURN

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND RETURN

One Way via Portland or Seattle,

Dates of Sale September 24th to 30th, 1910, inclusive.

Reduced One Way Colonist Fares

to points in Alberta/B. C. California (north of Weed) Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Saskatchewan, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

Tickets on sale daily September 15th to October 15th, 1910, inclusive.

Tickets on sale daily October 1st to October 15th, 1910, inclusive.

For parties consult Ticket Agent.

Michigan Central Railroad.

Sept 22-28

pride of their work, as they have succeeded in producing a "gem." In planning this important feature, Mr. Postal felt that Detroit had reached a stage in its growth which demanded comfort and beauty. With that in mind Mr. Postal, Mr. Shaw and their architect made a tour of a number of cities to get ideas for essential features, but the treatment of the general design decided on was done along original lines, giving the interior a distinctive charm.

The woodworker, the decorator and the electrician have combined their efforts with uncommon skill and have created a harmonious whirr in color and effect not equalled. One cannot recall to mind a cafe anywhere which is similar in treatment and in which the unique and beautiful are so splendidly blended.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHTING EFFECTS

The cafe consists of a main room, a double palm room at the north end and three private dining rooms on the west side, each distinctive in design and furnishings. It is difficult to decide on the most attractive feature, but perhaps the lighting effects are the most striking, and they have been carried out with most happy results.

The lighting scheme and fountain, which have attained a splendid reputation in a few days, originated with Mr. Shaw and were worked out with the assistance of Judd Osborn, who has been engineer at the hotel for twenty years, reflecting great credit on both men. There are five series of tinted lights, white, red, green, blue and purple, which are automatically rotated and which diffuse a soft glow of changing colors from every nook and corner. In the center of the room stands a beautiful electric fountain of green tile and iridescent glass and the streams of water falling through the changing rays of lights produce a charming effect. Overhead the tinted lights glow through hanging baskets draped with rambling roses, alternating with the drop cluster lights of colonial brass.

It Saved His Leg.

All thought I'd lose my leg, writes

J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis.

Ten years of exema that 13 doctors

could not cure, had at last paid me off.

Then Bucklen's Arnia Salve cured

it, sound and well. Infalcul for

skin eruptions, eczema, salt rheum,

tons, fever sores, burns, scabs,

cuts and piles. See at A. M. Lewis

& Co.

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THE BOYS' HERE TODAY.

Number of men now living who

particip

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEPT. 22

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A K following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and can not be considered later.

Next exciting thing on the docket is the election in November.

FOR SALE—About 1500 pounds of corn stalks. Inquire of F. C. Barnes.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

The Board of County canvassers were in session Wednesday to canvass the vote of the recent primary election.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

Michigan is now in the same category in the insurgent republican line as Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, New Hampshire and Wisconsin.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich. —13 tf.

J. W. Robbins, who has spent the summer at Higgins Lake, started for Florida on Wednesday, where he will spend the winter. Roscommon News.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

The grand jury at Chicago has returned indictments against ten members of the beef trust, charging them with conspiracy and endeavor to monopolize the trade in fresh meats.

Millinery opening September 22nd and 23rd, 1910. Thursday and Friday. Apprentice wanted.

MRS. CROWLEY.

You don't have to go to war to be patriots. Improve your locality, uphold your town, enlarge its interests, and lend a hand to progress, and you are a patriot—a lover of your country as truly as the soldier who shoulders a musket.

Our fall opening will be Thursday, Sept. 22, 1910. Everybody cordially invited. Grayling Merc. Co.

Santovari coffees are always good if you have not tried the Santovari Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tested the best coffee for the price. There is done what is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tin cans. Salling Hanson Co.

If your boy or girl is not sixteen years of age and has not received an eighth-grade diploma, the law requires them to be in school regularly. This law is made by the state and the local school board has no option but to enforce it.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by all dealers.

Antrim county has an assessed valuation of \$5,400,257. During the past year it paid into the good road funds of the state \$540 and received \$5,051; Kalkaska's assessed valuation is \$3,271,478, paid into good road funds \$327, received \$7,322.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by all dealers.

It is announced from Lansing that the state railroad department is about to promulgate an order which will mean that no railroad shall operate more than one train at a time over a single track between two telegraph stations.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Sold by all dealers.

FOR SALE—Five year old bay Gelding, weight 1,250. Ten year old Hamiltonian mare, extra heavy, two seated Harrison spring wagon, one horse wagon. Enquire Roy Struble, Higgins Lake, or Address Roscommon, Mich. —Sept. 21, 1910.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

Jay Lee who has spent the summer here, playing ball, and making friends went back to Albion College. His many friends regret his going.

MARRIED—At Grayling on Sept. 17, 1910, Mr. John Perry of Grayling, and Mrs. Lovicia Wedge, of Hardgrove, Mich., Justice Mahon tied the knot.

Millinery opening September 22nd and 23rd, 1910, Thursday and Friday. Apprentice wanted.

MRS. CROWLEY.

Emil Kraus left Monday by the M. & N. E. R. R. to Manistee from which place he will take the boat for Milwaukee and then to Elkhorn, Wis., to visit his brother, Ben and family.

L. P. Olson's is expected home today from a trip through Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota, where he has been combining business with pleasure.

MARRIED—At the home of Mr. Mc Daniels, on the South Side, on the 15th inst., Leonard Blaisdell, of Michigan and Mildred Spoor of the same place. Justice Mahon performed the ceremony.

Millinery opening September 22nd and 23rd, 1910, Thursday and Friday. Apprentice wanted.

MRS. CROWLEY.

Dave Butterfield, Champion, Welterweight wrestler, of Indiana has challenged Jess Jorgenson to wrestle here next Friday. He will accept, the winner to take on Frank Burns, champion welterweight wrestler of America.

Many of our citizens are preparing to go to the Manistee County Fair, Sept. 28, 29 and 30th, at Onekama Mich. The round trip fare from Grayling will be \$2.75 return limit being Oct. 1st. The round trip fare from Onekama to Manistee during the County Fair will be 40¢. Everybody go and have a good time.

The cement work and repairs on the Presbyterian church are practically complete, and the edifice ready for the resumption of the regular service of the society who are to be congratulated that the work is well done, and the fears of the building being unsafe which had been expressed, are entirely removed.

About a hundred of our citizens went to Manistee Sunday, to see the ball team get scooped to the tune of 4 to 1 in favor of Manistee. There is some kicking on the decisions of the Umpire, before the 6th inning, up to which the score stood one and one. Over 300 passengers were on the train when they ran in to our western suburb and everybody had a good time.

This is a season of the year when a sentimental mother appears at the school house with her sissy boy and tells the teacher he is very high spirited, and must not be whipped; that he can be ruled by kindness and kisses. And this is the time of year when the boys in school make a note of what the mother of the sissy boy says, and resolves to thump the sissy boy as soon as they catch him on the play ground.

GRAYLING TO MANISTEE.

The primary law! It is a fine thing in principle but the conglomerate mass of sections and jumble of words which is now on the statute books of the state is certainly more worthy of preservation as a mass of ashes in a crematory urn than as a law. It is to be hoped that the coming legislature will act wisely and intelligently in this matter and bring out a more sensible proposition. Otsego County Herald-Times.

F. H. Milks has purchased the interest of his brother in the meat market and will go at it alone. The confinement of the work was telling on Alfred's health so that they thought better for him to take something that would keep him out door for a while. He has not fully decided what or where it will be. He has won the confidence of our business people and a host of friends among our young society who will regret his going, and will give him best wishes for his success.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Peterson left yesterday for Chicago, and the west. They will leave Chicago Sunday evening, Mrs. Peterson going as a delegate to the National Convention of the D. S. S. at Council Bluffs, from where she will return after their meeting. Mr. Peterson continues with the Danish Brotherhood to Eureka, Cal., and will visit the principal cities of that state, and return some time next month via the Southern Pacific route. It will be a pleasant trip at this season.

MARRIED—Monday, Sept. 19, 1910 at the residence of the parents of the bride in this village, Miss M. Edna Wingard and Mr. Daniel J. Mosher, Rev. R. Houston of Johannesburg, officiating. The ceremony was witnessed only by the immediate families of the contracting parties, and the happy pair took the midnight train for Detroit, bearing with them the best wishes and hearty congratulations of their many friends. They will be "At Home" in their own home in this village early in October.

The prison binder plant at Jackson is turning out five tons of binder twine daily, and every pound of the twine is being sold. The plant was idle two weeks because of lack of sisal and in consequence got way behind in their orders and are unable to quite keep up with them, but expect to catch up before the end of the season. Although more twine was manufactured this year than ever before, Warren Stone says that 500,000 pounds more could have been sold if they had prepared to make it. Just what the price of the twine this year is to be has not been fixed by the board of control.

FOR SALE—Five year old bay Gelding, weight 1,250. Ten year old Hamiltonian mare, extra heavy, two seated Harrison spring wagon, one horse wagon. Enquire Roy Struble, Higgins Lake, or Address Roscommon, Mich. —Sept. 21, 1910.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

Jay Lee who has spent the summer here, playing ball, and making friends went back to Albion College. His many friends regret his going.

MARRIED—At Grayling on Sept. 17, 1910, Mr. John Perry of Grayling, chairman of the O.C. Committee, who read a copy of the call, and called G. L. Alexander to the chair. J. J. Collen was elected Secretary, and John Hanna of Beaver Creek and T. W. Hanson of Grayling appointed Tellers. O. Palmer and G. L. Alexander were elected delegates to the State Convention to be held in Detroit October 6th and the following named gentlemen were elected as the County Committee for the ensuing two years:

T. W. Hanson, Grayling, Chairman John J. Neiderer, "Secretary.

John Hanna, Beaver Creek. James Smith, Frederic. J. J. Collen, Grayling. Joseph Charron, Maple Forest. Ira H. Richardson, South Branch.

Every township was represented except Frederic, though none of the delegations were full.

The following Preamble and Resolution was presented and adopted without a dissenting vote:

Whereas, There seems to be a spirit of political unrest sweeping over the country fostered by an insurgent and discontented element within the Republican party, therefore be it

Resolved, That we as delegates of the Republican party of Crawford County in Convention assembled, heartily endorse the administration of President Taft and the policies by him formulated and supported by the Senators from this state.

That we heartily endorse also our candidate for Congress from this District, Hon. Geo. Loud to succeed himself, having confidence in his integrity and that he will use every possible influence for the benefit of our people.

That we pledge ourselves to support the nominees who may be placed on the state ticket, and that the gentlemen who have been nominated for the several offices on our county ticket, under the Primary Law, shall so far as our influence may extend, receive the vote of every Republican at the general election in November, regardless of personal dissensions or prejudice, fully believing that only by united effort can we be entirely successful.

That we pledge ourselves to support the nominees who may be placed on the state ticket, and that the gentlemen who have been nominated for the several offices on our county ticket, under the Primary Law, shall so far as our influence may extend, receive the vote of every Republican at the general election in November, regardless of personal dissensions or prejudice, fully believing that only by united effort can we be entirely successful.

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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, PUBLISHER.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

YOUTH'S FIRST LOVE LETTER

Indicates Epistles to Fair One Whom
He Had Elected as Partner
at Party.

He was growing up and had acquired
a change in his voice, dancing
school lessons and practice in writing
business applications all in the
same three months. With these
accomplishments came the revolution
that girls were something besides
toys, and that they were to be rever-
ered and feared somewhat, and look-
ed after instead of having their hair
pulled and their lives made miserable
by all kinds of teasing.

At dancing school he met the spec-
ial girl, and he had passed through
the stages of worship from afar, to the
place where he was blindfold for days
if she agreed with him about the
weather, and now came the event of
the spring—a dancing party. The boy
confided to his mother one night who
it was he wanted to take, but he
didn't know just what to say when he
told her.

"Why not write her a note?" sug-
gested the mother, and she was re-
warded several days after by finding
on his desk the following, copied with
many flourishes, and after many at-
tempts, in the litter on the floor test-
ing:

"Mine Eleonora Haight Thompson, No.
191 South Forte street, city."

"Dear Madam—I bear you in
one to take you to the party next
Thursday evening. I'd like to present
my application—Yours truly,

R. E. THORNE."

Life-Saving on Conditions.

A treatise on "How to the Kind but
Caution" might be written by a
woman who played the part of good
Samuel in a New York subway
station. Another woman had failed
What she needed to bring her to it in
a hurry when smelling salts, but nobody
had smelling salts.

"I think she has a cigarette of her
own in that bag," said the Samaritan,
but in the absence of a policeman I
am afraid to open it to find out."

Something that looked like a small
bottle could be discovered, though, in
the meshes of the chain bag, and the
crowd valiantly shifting responsibil-
ity, said: "Go ahead and open it."

"On one condition I will," said the
Samaritan. "I want three bystanders
to watch me and sign a written state-
ment that I have taken nothing from
the bag but the smelling salts. I know
this town too well to take any
chances of being accused of that."

The ortho was drawn up in a fury.
Three signatures were appended, the
Samaritan opened the bag, found the
smelling salts, and proceeded with
restorative measures.

"Phew! Into ear trumpets.

Local musical critics are laughing
over Prof. Louis A. Weibel's answer
to a woman who was threatening to one
of his converts recently. The story
is vouchsafed by Peter Bauer, one
of Prof. Weibel's assistants.

It seems that the professor was stay-
ing in a cement at one of the summer
residences along the Michigan line and
that in the audience was a woman
who was deaf and used an ear trumpet.
Following the rendition of one of the hardest compositions of his
repertoire, Prof. Weibel asked Prof.
Weibel if it was a certain production
by an author of inferior quality.

The professor happened to have
thinking of telephoning to his wife
that he would be home late. He
turned the ear trumpet and ad-
ment mindfully shunted into the mouth
of the instrument.

"Hello, hello! Who the deuce is
that?"

It is hardly any wonder that the
professor was overcome and that his
assistant laughs. Philadelphians think
he is amiable.

Glasses for Players.

A recent instance of American in-
genuity is afforded by the device of
an outfit for the relief of stage
folk afflicted with defective eyesight.
Glasses fitted with tiny lenses are now
made for this use of the actor so af-
flicted, who, in deference to the char-
acter he is enacting, may not wear the
usual eyeglasses or spectacles.

These special glasses fit close to the
eyeball, and are hardly discernible
from the front of the house, except
when the footlights are at their high-
est point of illumination. The nose
piece is bridge-shaped, the bridge
is covered with fine, flesh-colored material
which aids the illusion.

One Swift Kick.

Studio Boys (patronizingly) — I
think those thistles in your hair
are supererogatory, old chad.
"For my word, they seem to
me to be nodding in the breeze, don't
you know?"

Ungrateful Artist—Yes, I've had
one or two people tell me that they
would almost deserve an ass.

How She Knew.

Wife—There go the Ayers in their
new moonplane.
"Husband—Are you sure it's the
Ayers?"

Wife—Of course, I am. I'd know
the top of her hat anywhere—Brown
fur & Magenta.

No Day.

Mrs. Frankfurter—Ach, goodness!
Don't you see that your husband is
righting?

Mrs. Casey—An' why shouldn't he?
Ain't this his holiday?—No, Sir.

Real de Luxe.

Barmaid—We've had the place re-
decorated throughout. Doesn't it
look smart? I don't think any one
could suggest any improvement. Can
you?

Traveler—How about loose chintz
covers for the doors for the summer
months?—Punch.

Couldn't Be Blasted.

"They don't get very near to na-
ture."

"Well, you can't blame nature; he
was made and she was created."

And grow-ups, too. I put in my
two cents worth I was rock-

NO CLOUDS IN SIGHT

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY SAYS
COUNTRY ALL RIGHT.

THE WRITER SEES NO CLOUD

Striking Article in North American
Review That is Attracting Wide
Attention.

The attention of business and pro-
fessional men in all portions of the
country has been attracted to a strik-
ingly-attracting article by Col. George
Harvey in the September issue of the
North American Review in which the
writer takes a view of the greatest
hopefulness for the future of America
and Americans. The article is entitled
"A Plea for the Conservation of
Common Sense" and it is interesting
in the cordial approval of business
men of all shades of political opinion
throughout the entire country. In
fact, Colonel Harvey says:

"In unquestionable spirit of optimism
he depicts the land. But, if it be
true that fundamentally the condition
of the country is sound, must we
necessarily succumb to despondency,
abandon effort looking to retrieval
and cowering like cravens before clouds
that only threaten? Rather ought
we not to analyze conditions, search
for causes, find the root of the dis-
tress, which even now exists only in
men's minds, and then, after the
removal of causes, apply such mea-
sures as seem most likely to produce
beneficial results?

Capital and Labor Not Antagonistic.

"The link that connects labor with
capital is not broken but we may not
deny that it is less cohesive than it
should be, or than conditions warrant.
Economically, the country is
stronger than ever before in its history.
Recovery from a panic is never
so rapid as that of three years ago
as was the case in 1893. The
number of daily meetings held
by the department for the instruction
of dumyees totaled 41 in the six
months. That period was a very busy
one with State Analyst Floyd W. Rob-
ertson and his assistants. His report
shows that 991 samples of food stuffs
and other commercial articles were
analyzed and the results showed that
the severest sentence of any record
in which the defendant entered a plea
of guilty for selling diseased meat.
The court taxed a \$250 fine and costs
and also affixed a 30-day sentence in
the Detroit house of correction. The
case came up March 2 in Allegan.
Numerous prosecutions were the
result of persons adulterating milk with
water, there being scores of them.

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"It is very evident that a me-
chanical check must be made on
men," said one of the commissioners.
"Men are very prone to make mis-
takes, and this is one incident where
that tendency cost life. If a lighted
switch stand had been placed where
this frog was, no motorman would
have run through. The rates of the
company and the laws of the state say
that where a switch is thrown in this
manner, a man shall stay by it until
it is closed again. This was not done,

and for this reason it is necessary
that a light be at all switches.

"The stand that the commission
will take is very clearly determined.

We will advise that the prosecuting
attorney take action against the
motorman who has been caught in
this manner, and that he be sent to jail.

Michigan M. E. Conference.

This seventy-fifth annual session of
the Michigan M. E. conference will
open at Jackson this month. The pro-
gram, including that of the joint-meet-
ing of the Detroit and Michigan con-

ferees in Detroit, follows:

September 20—Meeting in the in-
terest of the Epworth League. Rev.

G. Gilbert Stance presiding. Address—
Literature and Life. Rev. R. J.

Cooke, D. D., New York.

September 21—Opening of seventy-
fifth session of the Michigan annual
conference. Bishop Earl Cranston, D.

D. L. D., presiding. Sacrament of the
Lord's supper. Bushy session. Missionary
sermon. Rev. W. F. Kendrick.

Grand Rapids—anniversary of Con-
ference Women's Foreign Missionary
society. Mrs. Lois L. Folker presiding.

Ionia—Arthur W. Norrington, a
prosperous young farmer of Orange
township, is dead as the result of an
accident. He was assisting in moving
a separator from his barn to the
street. The machine got away from
him and Norrington, who had held
of the tongue, was knocked down.
The wheels of the frame truck struck
him, crushing in four ribs, from the
inside of which he died.

Port Huron—William Bennett, aged
65 years, one of the best known farm-
ers of Buell township, Sanilac county,
was thrown against a manger in his
barn while loading sheep and was so
seriously injured that he died soon
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MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY SAYS
COUNTRY ALL RIGHT.

Ann Arbor.—At the closing session
of the annual convention of the Michi-
gan Retail Shoe Dealers' Association,
the following officers were elected:
President, O. D. Allen, Detroit; first
vice-president, Fred B. Elliott, Flint;
second vice-president, Leo Granner,
Ann Arbor; third vice-president, Rolla
Chase, Owosso; fourth vice-president,
Joseph H. Bresett, Bay City; secre-
tary, Fred G. Clark, Detroit; treasurer,
Edward Stoeker, Detroit. Dr. Car-
rie Clasen of this city, was elected
president of the state board of oste-
opaths, after resigning the secretary-
ship. Doctor Clasen replaced Dr.
William Jones of Adrian, who resigned
the presidency and was elected to the
position left vacant by the resignation
of Doctor Clasen.

Lansing.—A bulletin just issued
which includes work of the state
fair management in preparing for the
big exhibition to be seen at Detroit will take unusual care
to provide comfortable seats and rest-
ing places for big crowds of state fair
visitors. This feature is often neg-
lected by the managements of big
fairs, but the Michigan managers will
see to it that every possible comfort
and convenience is provided for state
fair visitors.

In fact, all the plans of the state
fair management this year include ar-
rangements to handle and care for
impressive crowds. This policy has
been adopted because of the unusual
strength of the attractions to be
offered. Increased railroad facilities
improved coin-counting machines at all
of the entrances, liberal provision for
police, well-kept roads carefully
sprinkled, lawns, hedges and shrubs
and other thoughtful provisions
will insure the utmost comfort
and everything will be in readiness
when the gates swing open September
19 to accommodate thousands of people
from Michigan and surrounding states
and to present to the world the
biggest and best state fair ever held in Michigan.

Michigan State Fair—A bulletin just
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The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATION by MacKenzie
COPYRIGHT 1914 BY BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS:

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who presents himself as a collector of rings, offers to find it. Mr. Clark Britton, as before like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora disappears and the ring is discussed. She attends "ladies' night" at the club and meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman who collects rings. It has been known that the Crew Idol, its disappearance reveals the exploits of Farrell Wand, an English thief. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr are concerned in the mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

Flowers by the Way.
Flora liked this funny little dining room with walls as frail as box-boards, low-ceiled, and flooded with sun. It recalled surroundings she had known later than the mining camp, but long before the great red house. It seemed to her that she fitted here better than the Purdies. She looked across at Kerr, sitting opposite, to see if perhaps he fitted too. But he was foreign, decidedly. He kept about him still the hint of delicate masquerade that she had noticed the night before. Out of doors, alone with her, he had lost it. For a moment he had been absolutely of his guard.

She rose from the table with the feeling that in an hour all three of them had become quite old friends of his, though without knowing anything further about him.

"We must do this again," Mrs. Purdie said, as they parted from her in the garden.

"Surely we will," Kerr answered her.

But Flora had the feeling that they never, never would. For him it had been a chance touching on a strange shore.

But at least they were going away together. They would walk together as far as the little car, whose terminal was the edge of the parade-ground. But just outside of the gate he stopped.

"Do you especially like board walks?" he asked.

It was an instant before she took his meaning. Then she laughed. "No, I like green paths."

He waved with his cane. "There is a path yonder, that goes over a bridge and beyond that a hill."

"And at the top of that another car," Flora reminded him.

"Ah, well," he said, "there are flowers on the way, at least." He looked at her whimsically. "There are three purple irises under the bridge. I noticed them as I came down."

She was pleased that he had noticed that—for himself—pleased, too, that he had suggested the longer way.

The narrow path that they had chosen branched out upon the main path, broad and yellow, which dipped downward into the hollow. From there came the murmur of water. Green showed through the white grass of last summer. Sauntering between plantations of young eucalyptus, they came to the broken stone bridge. They leaned on the parapet, looking down at the marshy stream beneath and at the three irises Kerr had remarked, hidden in swamp ground.

"Now that I see them, I suppose I want them," Flora remarked.

"Of course," he assented. "Then hold all these."

He put into her hands the loose bunch of syringa and rose plucked for her in the Purdies' garden, laid his hat and gloves on the parapet. Then with an eye for the better bank walked to the end of the bridge.

She watched him descending the steep bank and issuing into the broad shallow basin of the stream's way. The sun was still high enough to fill the hollows with warm light and mellow the doubles of trees and grass in the stream. In this landscape of green and pale gold he looked black and tall and angular. The wind blew longish locks of hair across his forehead, and she had a moment's pleasure and timorous reflection that he looked like Satan coming into the Garden.

He advanced from the crook of the brook. He came to the brink of the marsh. The lilies waved what seemed but a hand's breadth from him. But he stooped. He reached—Oh, could anything so foolish happen as that he could not get them? Or, more foolish still, plunge in to the knees! He straightened from his fruitless effort, drew back, but before she could think what he was about he had learned toward again, flashed out his cane, and with three quick, cutting slashes the lilies were mown. It was deftly, deliberately, astonishingly done, but it gave her a singular shock, as if she had seen a hawk strike its prey. He drew them cleverly toward him in the crook of his cane, took them up daintily in his fingers, and returned to her across the shallow valley. She waited him with mixed emotions.

"Oh, how could you!" she murmured, as he put them into her hand. He looked at her in amazement. "Why, aren't they right?" They were as clean clipped off and as perfect as if the daintiest hand had plucked them.

"Oh, yes," she admitted, "they're lovely, but I don't like the way you got them."

"I took the means I had," he objected.

"I don't think I like it."

His whole face was sparkling with interest and amusement. "Is that so? Why not?"

"You're too—too—she cast about for the word—"too terribly resourceful!"

"I see," he said. If she had feared he would laugh, it showed how little she had gauged the limits of his laughter. He only looked at her rather more intently than he had before.

"But my good child, resourcefulness is a very natural instinct. I am

afraid you read more into it than is there. You wanted the flowers, I had a stick, and in my youth I was taught to strike clean and straight. I am really a very simple fellow."

Looking him in the eyes, which were as clear, candid gray, she was ready to believe it. It seemed as if he had let her look for a moment through his manner, his ironies, his armor of indifference, to the frank foundations of his nature.

"But, you see, the trouble is you don't in the least look at it," she argued.

"So you think because I have a long face and wild hair that I am a sinister person?" My dear Miss Gilsey, the most desperate character I ever knew!

"I am the ring is discussed. She

sends 'ladies' night' at the club and gets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman who collects rings. It has been known that the Crew Idol, its disappearance reveals the exploits of Farrell Wand, an English thief. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr are concerned in the mystery.

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"Oh, how could you!" she murmured, as he put them into her hand. He looked at her in amazement. "Why, aren't they right?" They were as clean clipped off and as perfect as if the daintiest hand had plucked them.

"Oh, yes," she admitted, "they're lovely, but I don't like the way you got them."

"I took the means I had," he objected.

"I don't think I like it."

His whole face was sparkling with interest and amusement. "Is that so? Why not?"

"You're too—too—she cast about for the word—"too terribly resourceful!"

"I see," he said. If she had feared he would laugh, it showed how little she had gauged the limits of his laughter. He only looked at her rather more intently than he had before.

"But my good child, resourcefulness is a very natural instinct. I am

afraid you read more into it than is there. You wanted the flowers, I had a stick, and in my youth I was taught to strike clean and straight. I am really a very simple fellow."

Nothing to do but go, and leave a message for Harry—an apology, and assurance that she would be home early. She wondered if she were losing her memory.

She appeared to be changing altogether, for the dinner—a merry one

bored her. What she wanted was to get away from it as soon as possible for that interesting evening.

When she had made the appointment

with Harry she had been excited by the thought that he might tell her

whether he had learned anything from the major in the matter of the ring.

But now she was more engrossed with the idea of asking about Kerr—whether Harry had really met him so far, and, finally,

why did not Harry want her to meet him?

Flora leaned forward with knitted brows. "Yes, I can see that, but still, just among ourselves, this morning—"

Harry smiled. "You've lost sight of the fact that it is just among our selves this morning!"

"Oh, oh! Now you're ridiculous!"

"I should love it," she answered, but with no particular enthusiasm, for the idea of shopping with Harry, and shopping at Shreve's, did not present a wide field of opportunity. "But I have a luncheon to-morrow," she added, "so we must make it as early as ten."

"Oh, you two!"

At Clara's mildly reproving voice so close beside them both started like conspirators. They had not heard her come in, yet there she was, just inside the doorway, still wrapped in her cloak. But there was none of the impetus of arrested motion in her attitude. She stood at repose as if she might have waited not to interrupt them.

"Harry, how horrid of you!" She was on the point of declaring that she knew Kerr very well indeed; but she remembered this might not be the thing to say to Harry.

"My dear girl, I'm not saying anything against him. I only remarked that we did not know him."

"Don't scold Flora," said Harry, rising. "It's my fault. She sent me away half an hour ago. But it is so comfortable here."

Flora couldn't tell whether he was simply natural, or whether he was giving this domestic color to their interview, or purpose. She rather thought it was the latter.

"Tomorrow at ten, then?" he said cheerfully to Flora. The stiff curtains rustled behind him and the two women were left together.

"I think it was about—that embassy ball."

"I didn't want you to mention the embassy ball," he retracted, and now was only smiling. "My dear child, surely you are dreaming."

She looked at him with the bewilderment that he was fully contradicting himself. And yet she could remember he had not shaken his head at her. He had only nodded. Could it be that her cherished imagination had played her a trick at last? But the next moment it occurred to her that somehow she had been led away from her first question.

"Then have you seen him, Harry?" she insisted.

Flora threw back a gay "All right," but she was in danger of forgetting

that the better to face her. "To-morrow there will be published a reward of \$20,000 for the return of the Crew Idol, and no questions asked."

"Oh!" she said. And again, "Oh, is that all!" She was disappointed.

"I don't see why you and the major should have been so mysterious about that."

"You don't, eh? Suppose you had taken the ring—wouldn't it make a difference to you if you knew 24 hours ahead that a reward of \$20,000 would be published? Wouldn't you expect every man's hand to be against you at that price? If you had a pal, wouldn't you be afraid—he'd sell you up?"

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"Oh, really, you must go home," she urged, trying to rise.

"But look here," he protested, still on the arm of her chair, "there's another thing I want to ask you about." And by the tip of one finger he lifted her left hand shining with rings.

"You will have to have another one of these, you know. It's been on my mind for a week. Is there any sort you haven't already?"

She held up her hand to the light and flutter

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

Their New Chauffeur

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

"James, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"You are driving very recklessly this morning. We are not in a hurry and don't want speed."

An auto containing two ladies was speeding along the country highway towards Lyndhurst, where they were to take the train for the city and the chauffeur, who had started out steadily enough, had seemed to grow suddenly reckless. The ladies were Miss Annette Chalmers and her mother, wife and daughter of a broker, who had a home in the country.

"I do believe he has been drinking," whispered the mother as, in turning out to pass a wagon, the auto was almost ditched.

"James, I tell you to be more careful!" commanded the young woman. It was still a mile to Lyndhurst. The chauffeur growled something in reply and then put on full speed and paid no further heed to screams or commands. As the village was reached the auto circled around the public square, shouting and whooping, and those who watched the machine expected to see a tragedy every moment.

Mrs. Chalmers was too terrified even to scream, and Miss Annette dared make no move for fear of bringing about the thing she dreaded. The drivers simply looked on. It was not in their power to halt the machine.

It had circled the square a dozen times in a cloud of dust of its own making when a young man who had been sitting on the veranda of the village inn with his after-breakfast cigar performed a feat that will be long remembered by the chaps who sat around with their hands in pockets.

He threw away his cigar, rushed down the steps, and poised himself for a spring when the auto should reach him in making its circles. Men yelled at him, but he gave them no heed. At just the right moment he made a spring for the passing car, and those who looked to find him being rolled under the wheels saw him in the seat beside the chauffeur. It took him a few seconds to straighten up, and then things happened.

A blow from an iron fist settled the



chauffeur, and ten seconds later the machine was at rest. As it came to a stop the fellow was hauled from his seat and slammed on the ground three or four times and then thrown aside. "Thank you, sir—thank you!" called Miss Annette to the stranger as he turned to face her and lifted his hat.

"Don't mention it. Your mother appears to be badly shaken. Wouldn't it be well for you to go into the sun for a few minutes while I look the machine over and see if anything is out of repair?"

For fifteen minutes, while the stranger examined and investigated in a manner to show that he was thoroughly familiar with the machine, the ladies asked each other who he was without becoming any wiser. He was congratulated on his pluck and luck, but he merely smiled in reply. In the inn, while the mother was getting her nerve back, Miss Annette was asking the landlord numerous questions, and he was replying:

"He arrived yesterday and gave the name of Morrison. He's not much baggage, and I can't exactly make him out. Isn't a tramp and I don't think he's rich. She smokes and thinks a good deal. Wrote three letters yesterday afternoon, but tore them up before they were finished."

"James shall never drive the auto again!"

"I guess he's taken a skip."

"Mother is too nervous to take the train, and we'll go back home. We'll have to get a carriage."

"Why not let Morrison take you back in the auto? He surely knows how to run one. Say, wasn't that a great performance of his? Just one chance in a hundred that he'd make good. I'll ask him if he'll drive you out."

Mr. Morrison was brought into the parlor and he said he'd be only too happy. When the ladies were seated he took his place and all went well. There was considerable whispering behind his back on route, and what it was all about he learned when the

auto came to a halt at the door of the manor house.

"Of course," Miss Annette said, "James can't come back. Father will get a new chauffeur in town, but it may be a couple of weeks first, as he is away on a yachting trip. Meanwhile—"

"You have no one to drive?"

"That's it. Mother is very well, and the doctor says she must be out in the air a good deal. If you are a chauffeur out of a place—"

"I could come, but I have no recommendations. I did not ask for one when I left my last place."

"I see," mused the girl. "You should have a letter, but as mother thinks you are a safe driver you might take the place until father comes. The gardener has a cottage, and you can board and lodge with him. As to the salary, you can settle that with father. He will be liberal with you. By what name shall I call you?"

"Charles, if you please."

"Well, Charles, you can put the machine away. You will be notified when wanted."

There was a 20-mile trip through the country next day, and the ladies were delighted with Charles' driving. He was deferential and modest and won praise all around. Day followed day, and trip followed trip, and at the end of ten days Miss Annette asked of the gardener:

"Well, Thomas, how do you like the new chauffeur?"

The young man, Misses very fine, but the wife can't exactly make him out."

"How do you mean?"

"Why he reads poetry a great deal when he is by himself, and sometimes we can't exactly make out his big words. He can't be a duke in disguise, can he?"

Miss Annette had noticed a few strange things herself, and she would have given more heed to the gardener's words had she not that morning received a letter from her girl friend, Miss Tempest, one paragraph of which read:

"Will and I were foolish enough to quarrel, and it's all over between us. I am coming to see you to get sympathy. I won't admit to anyone but you that I love him and am heart-broken; and he's so kind, I'd hate to have him know how I feel about it."

The end of it was that Miss Neltner boarded the car for downtown with a huge, misspelled shawl strap bundle hanging from her neatly gloved hand. Her own steamer rug followed round the hatbox, had solved the problem. It was bulky, but it had a feminine appearance at least.

"Hello! Where's the shawl strap going with you, Miss Neltner? I thought your vacation was done!" The voter had never been unwelcome until that minute. Howard Thomas set into a seat beside her, possessing himself of her luggage as a matter of course.

"I'm not going anywhere," she said, hastily. But she saw no reason for explaining that her employer's hatbox was concealed inside that rug, so she changed the subject and chattered all the way down town, only losing her spirits when the young man insisted on carrying the shawl strap to her destination. Conversation ceased entirely just before they reached the tailor's door, and when her companion folded up the shawl strap there she went into the building with the unhappy conviction that he thought her queer.

There was no time to nurse this conviction, however. Her explanation to the tailor kept her too busy.

"Oh, Will, I'm sorry that I got angry. I wanted to write to you, but they said you had disappeared. Now—now that I've found you—"

"Here, what's all this about?" demanded Miss Annette as she came forward. "Grace, is it possible that you know Charles?"

"Charles? Why, it's Will! I wrote you that we had quarreled. It's Will, not what is he doing here?"

The auto proceeded to the manor house at a fast clip. It had to. The girls were just dying to get some place where explanations could be made and the chauffeur was anxious to pack up his belongings and be off. Three or four times during the rapid trip the visitor reiterated that she was sorry but a chauffeur driving at 40 miles an hour must keep his eyes on the road ahead and maintain an upright attitude.

It was after the girls had talked and exchanged for an hour that Charles was sent for. He found Miss Tempest at her post. He raised his eyebrows and said: "I think you are the meanest girl I know."

"But why?"

"Why, if you hadn't come poking along I'd have fallen in love with him myself."

Now the Divorce Ring.

The latest jewelry novelty in Germany is a special type of ring for divorced and widowed persons.

The claim set forth for these curious innovations in rings is that they save the wearers, especially the feminine sex, from embarrassing or painful explanations, and delicately inform other interested persons of their circumstances.

The designs are but slightly different from the ordinary ring, and the difference is not so marked but that they can be displayed or concealed at will. The divorcee's ring is of gold with a broad strip of platinum or silver set in, so that the ring shows a white stripe, indicating that the marriage has been annulled and the ring divided. Still another ring for the divorced has two opposing half moons, and looks very much like an ordinary signet ring. The ring for widows has a half covered full moon.

Kind-hearted little creature, it's too bad!" he added to himself, seeing her look of disappointment. "But she must be crazy to expect a man to carry a thing like that around on his arm. Well, anyhow, she's learned a lesson."

Warning.

Stella—Did your father pay your debts?

Bella—Yes, merely said he would do more than next time. —New York Sun

REFORMING A MAN

COUNTRY BOYS' CORN CLUBS

One of the Enterprises Devised to Make Country Life More Attractive.

"Any papers or messages you'd like to have taken to the office before you come down, Mr. Meadowcroft?" asked a pleasant voice through the telephone. Meadowcroft hesitated. The voice belonged to his stenographer, who lived with her mother in a little flat a block from his home. She was a fine girl—came from the town where he had grown up. The relations between their two households were scarcely the usual ones of employer and employee. Perhaps it was on this account that he hesitated.

"Well, Miss Neltner," he said, "you know I have to go away out to the hospital to see Smith the first thing this morning, and I'm on the committee to meet those senators at the eleven o'clock train, and I don't know how I'm going to get my silk hat ironed before that."

"Oh!" the voice was tentative, now. Miss Neltner was wondering if he thought she could iron silk hats.

"I hate to ask you," he went on, "but do you suppose you could leave it at Frank's, my tailor's, for me? He'd fix it so it could stop for me when I come down."

The young man, Misses very fine, but the wife can't exactly make him out."

"How do you mean?"

"Why he reads poetry a great deal when he is by himself, and sometimes we can't exactly make out his big words. He can't be a duke in disguise, can he?"

A sympathetic face appeared in the doorway. "He's brought it in this big leather hatbox! And you ought to

have seen his face! Its expression, her s—"

"There! Any woman would be proud to carry a \$12 hatbox like that! What shall I do?"

"Take the hat out and make a parol of it."

"But it might get rumpled. Besides, he thinks he's brought me the grandest thing in the world to carry it in, and he's so kind, I'd hate to have him know how I feel about it."

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"I understand," Deer laughed, as he shook the hatbox out of the steamer rug. "I'll have it ready when he calls. You're Mr. Meadowcroft's son, aren't you?"

"Oh, no, I—I'm his stenographer," Miss Neltner stammered. Then she flushed because she had stammered and immediately became scarce with annoyance because she had flushed.

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CONQUERING THE WASTE SAND

European Countries Solving Great Problem by Planting Vast Areas With Trees.

Everybody who reads the papers published in the corn-growing sections of the country has read, during the past year, of boys' corn clubs. The movement to organize farmers' boys into such clubs has expanded rapidly. Down in Sherman, Tex., last summer the crowning feature of the parade at a big local celebration was the marching of the Grayson county boys' corn clubs. There was a hand-somely decorated float, bearing a charming young lady, who represented the "Sweetheart of the Corn," and afterward came 125 youthful corn growers, each shouldering a corn stalk with a big tassel.

These enterprises are some of the principal means which have been devised to make country life more attractive for young people. There are other ways which apply more particularly to the family circle. Probably the phonograph has done more to lessen the tedium of farm life than any other invention, excepting perhaps the rural telephone. The piano and the organ are desirable, and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the tops of slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever its situation, is also made.

France is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come.

Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut over have been planted up, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on dunes and other waste lands, and, in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating stream flow. The state each year buys uncultivated lands in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 503,000 acres in this way.

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